

# THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1873.

VOLUME XXI--NO. 11.

## J. B. & W. J. ROGERS,

WILL BE FOUND AT  
NO. 2 GRANITE RANGE.

Are prepared to show to their friends a select Stock of Fall Goods, consisting of  
Staple Dry Goods, Hats, Shoes and Boots, Crockery, Groceries & Provisions.  
Also a Select Stock of Confectioneries.

In the Dry Goods Line will be found,  
CALICOES, BLEACHED AND  
BROWN SHIRTINGS, COTTON PLAIDS,  
TICKINGS, KERSEYS, JEANS AND  
OSNABURGS, and many other things too numerous to mention.

In the Grocery Line will be found,  
BACON, FLOUR, MOLASSES,  
NEW ORLEANS SYRUP, SUGAR,  
MACKEREL, LARD, RICE AND JAVA COFFEE,  
POWDER AND SHOT, and everything in the Grocery line.

Also a complete Lot of Confectioneries, consisting of  
ORANGES, LEMON, BANANAS, COCOA NUTS,  
SARDINES, JELLIES, BRANDY PEACHES,  
CRACKERS, SHEET CAKES, CANDIES,  
both French and Common.

We have on hand BAGGING AND TIES, which we will sell low.  
Come one! Come all! we think we can suit you.  
Sept. 18, 1872, 53-1f

## "WANDO" and "STONO" FERTILIZERS.

FOR SALE BY

A. M. AIKEN, Agent,  
GREENWOOD, S. C.

EARLY ORDERS WILL ENSURE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Jan'y 15, 1873, 1f

## WALLER & BROTHER, MERCHANTS AT

## GREENWOOD, S. C.,

ARE now offering to the public in their new and handsome building, a full  
line of all the Goods generally needed in this community.

THEIR STOCK OF

## DRY GOODS!

have been selected with great care, and unusually attractive.

## READY - MADE CLOTHING.

A FINE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

A good assortment of

Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, and Glassware.

To which the attention of purchasers is invited. Give us a call.

## WALLER & BROTHER.

Feb. 19, 1873, 45-1f

## Marble Works!

THE MARBLE YARD is removed from its old quarters to its new Work  
Shop and handsome Office prepared expressly for the business on Main  
Street, above the Marshall House. A fine stock of

## ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE

Can always be found on hand, and all work warranted to be done in a superior  
manner, and at prices lower than elsewhere.  
Also, a fine collection of Designs for MONUMENTS AND FANCY HEAD-  
STONES, which can be furnished at short notice. Call and see our prices  
and styles.

J. D. CHALMERS.

## W. B. Cason's

VARIETY STORE,

## NINETY - SIX, S. C.

THE subscriber has now on hand a  
select stock of the best goods usu-  
ally kept in a First-Class Confectionery  
and Variety Store, to which he invites  
the attention of his friends and patrons.  
In his stock will be found a choice as-  
sortment of

Preserves, Pickles,  
Candies, Raisins,  
Brandy - Peaches,  
Nuts of all kinds,  
Canned Peaches,  
Pine Apples, Tomatoes,  
Oysters, Sardines, Syrup,  
and Sauces of every variety,  
Price Candy, Nutmegs,  
Mace, Pepper, Spice,  
Ginger, Oranges, Lemons,  
Ginger Preserves, Figs,  
Ginger Cakes,  
of several varieties,  
Parched Pea-Nuts,  
Soda, Mustard,  
Blackening, Segars,  
Tobacco, Chewing

and Smoking. Marbles, Writing Paper,  
and almost every other article of like  
character that you may ask for. Come  
and examine for yourselves.

W. B. CASON,

Ninety-Six.

May 7, 1873, 4-3m

## REMEMBER THIS!

We continue to sell our Goods to

Prompt-Paying Men.

TERMS LIBERAL.

QUARLES & PERRIN.

Jan 23, 1873 41, 1f

## COLOGNES

AND

Handkerchief Extracts

Of the Latest Styles and best quality,  
at

W. T. PENNEY'S.

April 23, 1873, 2-1f

## FOR THE LADIES.

## DRESS GOODS,

(In Great Variety.)

## SILK JAPANESE,

Silk Striped Grenadines,  
SILK STRIPED LENOS,  
PLAIN LENOS.

Pure Mohair,  
Black and White Alpacaas,

## White Goods,

We can't be surpassed.

Real Silk and Lisle Gloves,  
New Scarfs and Ties,

And indeed everything usually found  
in a Dry Goods Store.

## QUARLES & PERRIN.

April 9, 1873, 52-1f

For the Gentlemen.

Our usual well-selected and

## LARGE STOCK

OF

## CLOTHING,

CLOTHS, CASSIMES,

HATS, HOSIERY, GLOVES,  
&c., &c.

Quarles & Perrin.

April 8, 1873, 52-1f

## TO THE PLANTERS.

Staple Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, SHOES, &c., &c.

Quarles & Perrin.

April 8, 1873, 52-1f

## New Store!

## NEW GOODS!!

THE undersigned have just opened  
an entire new stock of

## GROCERIES,

Provision and Liquors,

As well as Other Goods in  
their Line.

At the Old Stand of A. M. HILL, re-  
cently TROWBRIDGE & CO., where  
we will be pleased to serve the public

CHEAP FOR CASH.

A. M. HILL.

Jan. 29, 1873, 42-1f

## L.D. SINE'S

GIFT ENTERPRISE

The only Reliable Gift Distribution in  
the Country.

\$100,000 00

IN VALUABLE GIFTS:

To be distributed in

L. D. SINE'S

41st Semi-Annual

GIFT ENTERPRISE!

To be drawn Friday, July 4th, 1873.

Two Grand Capitals of

One Grand Capital Prize, \$10,000 in Gold.

One Prize \$5,000 in Silver.

Five Prizes \$1,000. Five Prizes \$500.

Ten Prizes \$100. Each in Greenbacks.

Two Family Carriages and Matched

Horses with Silver-Mounted Harness,

worth \$1,500 each.

Two Buggies, Horses, &c., worth \$800

each.

Two Fine-Toned Rosewood Pianos

worth \$500 each.

Ten Family Sewing Machines, worth

\$100 each.

1,500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting

Watches (in all), worth from \$20 to \$300

each.

Gold Chains, Silver-ware, Jewelry, &c.

Whole number Gift, 10,000. Tickets

Limited to 30,000.

Agents wanted to sell tickets, to whom

Liberal Premiums will be paid.

Single Tickets \$2; Six Tickets 10;

Twelve Tickets \$20; Twenty-five Tick-

ets \$40.

Circulars contain a full list of prizes,  
a description of the manner of drawing,  
and other information in reference to  
the Distribution. All letters must be  
addressed to L. D. SINE, Box 50,  
MAIN OFFICE, CINCINNATI, O.

101 W. Fifth St.

W. T. PENNEY'S.

March 5, 1873, 47-1f

## A SPIRITUAL SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Weep I must—my heart runs over;  
Would he once himself discover—  
Only once from far away!  
Holy sorrow! still prevailing!  
Is the weeping, is the wailing!  
Would I here were turned to clay!

Evermore I see him crying,  
Ever praying, ever dying!  
Will this heart unending beat?  
Will my eyes in death close never?  
Weeping all into a river  
Were a blessedness too sweet!

Is there none with me lamenting?  
Dies his name in echoes fainting?  
Is the peopled world struck dead?  
Shall I from his eyes, all never  
Drink love and life forever?  
Is he now and always dead?

Dead! What means it—sound of dolors?  
Tell me then, I pray, ye scholars!  
What imports the symbol dim—  
He is dumb, and all turn from me;  
No one on the earth can show me  
Where my heart might look for him.

Earth no more while I am in it  
Can provide one happy minute;  
All is but a dream of woe.  
I, too, am with him departed:  
Would I lay with him still-hearted  
In the region down below!

Hear, oh, hear, his and my Father!  
Speedily my dead bones gather  
Unto his—oh, soon, I pray!  
Grieve will soon his low round cover  
And the wind will wander over,  
And the form will fade away.

If his love they but perceived,  
Suddenly had all believed,  
Letting all things else go by;  
Lord of love him only owning,  
All with me would fall bemoaning,  
And in bitter weeping die.

## The One Dollar Bill.

How did it rain that November  
night! None of your undecided  
showers, with hesitating intervals,  
as it were, between; none of your  
mild, persistent patterings on the  
roof, but a regular tempest, a wild  
deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and  
a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlett heard the angry  
rattle against the casements, and  
drew his snug easy chair a little  
closer to the fire—a great open  
mass of glimmering anthracite,  
and gazed with a sort of sleepy,  
reflective satisfaction at the crimson  
moreen curtains, and the grey  
cat fast asleep on the hearth, and  
the canary bird rolled into a drowsy  
hall of yellow on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire.  
"I'm glad I had that leaky spot  
fixed in the barn roof last week.  
I don't object to a stormy night  
once in a while, when a fellow's  
under cover, and there's nothing  
particular to be done, Mary."

"Yes, Mrs. Partlett answered.  
She was flirting about between  
kitchen and sitting room, with a  
blue check apron tied around her  
waist.

"I'm nearly ready to come in  
now, Josiah. Now I wonder,"  
she cooed, "if that was really a  
knock at the door, or just a little  
rush of the wind and rain?"

She went to the door neverthe-  
less; and a minute or two after-  
wards she went to her husband's  
chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddlelove;  
he said, half apprehensively, 'The  
Squire never looked up from his  
paper.'

"Tell him he's made a mistake.  
The tavern is on the corner be-  
yond."

"But he wants to know if you  
will lend him a dollar!" said Mrs.  
Partlett.

"And couldn't you have told him  
No, without the preliminary cere-  
mony of coming in here to ask me?  
Is it likely that I shall lend a dol-  
lar or even a cent to Luke Ruddle-  
love? Why I had a grand deal  
better throw it among yonder red  
coals! No—of course not!"

Mrs. Partlett hesitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold  
and wretched, Josiah. He says  
there's nobody in the world to let  
him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he  
did not know it," sharply enun-  
ciated Squire. "If he had come to  
that pitch half a dozen years ago,  
perhaps he wouldn't have been the  
niggerable man he is now."

"We used to go to school togeth-  
er," said Mrs. Partlett, gently. "He  
was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the  
Squire, "but it don't alter the fact  
that he's a poor, drunken wretch  
now. Send him about his business,  
Polly, and if his time is of any  
consequence, just let him know  
that he had not better waste it  
coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in  
his chair after a positive fashion, as  
if the whole matter was definitely  
decided.

Mrs. Partlett went back to the  
kitchen where Luke Ruddlelove  
was spreading his poor, thin fingers  
over the blaze of fire, his tattered  
garments steaming as if he were a  
pillar of vapor.

"He wouldn't let you have it,  
Luke," said she. "I thought he  
wouldn't."

"Then I've got to starve, like any  
other dog!" said Luke Ruddlelove,  
turning away moodily. "And, af-  
ter all, I don't suppose it makes  
much difference whether I shuffle  
out of the world to-day or to-mor-  
row."

"Oh, Luke, not to your wife!"  
"She'd be better off without me,"  
said Luke, down-heartedly.  
"But she ought not to be."  
"Ought and is are two different  
things, Mrs. Partlett. Good-night,  
I ain't going to the tavern, I ain't

going to the tavern, though I'll  
wager something the Squire  
thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough he  
should think so, Luke?"

"Yes—yes, Mary, I don't say but  
what it is," murmured Luke Ruddle-  
love, in the same dejected tone  
he had used through the inter-  
view.

"Stay!" Mrs. Partlett called to him  
as he lay on the door-latch in a  
low voice. "Here's a dollar.  
Luke, Mr. Partlett gave for a new  
piece of oil cloth in front of the  
dining-room stove, but I'll try and  
make the old one do a little while  
longer. And, Luke, for the sake  
of old times—for the sake of your  
poor wife—will you do better?"

Luke Ruddlelove looked vacantly  
first at the fresh new bank bill in  
his hand, and then at the blooming  
matron who placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and  
crept out of the warm, bright  
kitchen into the storm and dark-  
ness that reigned without. Mrs.  
Partlett stood looking into the kit-  
chen fire.

"I dare say I have done a very  
foolish thing," she pondered; but  
indeed I could not help it. Of  
course he'll spend it at the public  
house, and I shall do without my  
oil cloth, that will be the end of it  
all."

And there was a conscious flush  
on her cheek, as if she had done  
something wrong, when she rejoined  
the Squire in the sitting-room.

"Well," said Squire Partlett, "has  
that ne'er-do-well gone at last?"

"Yes,"  
"To Stoke's tavern, I suppose."  
"I hope not, Josiah."

"I'm afraid it's past hoping for,"  
said the Squire, shrugging his  
shoulders. "And now for a pleas-  
ant evening. How it does rain, to  
be sure."

And Mrs. Partlett kept the secret  
of the dollar bill within her own  
heart.

It was six months afterward that  
the Squire came into the room  
where his wife was preserving some  
great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders  
never will cease. The Ruddleloves  
have gone away."  
"Gone where?"

"I don't know—out West some-  
where, with a colony. And they  
say Luke hasn't touched a drop in  
six months."

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Part-  
lett.

"It won't last long," said the  
Squire, despairingly.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't  
any faith in those sudden reforms,"  
Mrs. Partlett was silent; she  
thought thankfully that, after all,  
Luke had not spent the dollar bill  
in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time  
sped along in days, in weeks, al-  
most before busy little Mrs. Part-  
lett knew that it was gone. The  
Ruddleloves had gone back to Se-  
quoisset.

Luke had made his fortune, as  
the story went in the far-away El  
Dorado, vaguely phrased "Out  
West" by the simply Senegoneseters.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buck-  
ingham, "that he bought that ere  
lot down opposite the courthouse,  
and is going to build such a house  
as never was."

"He must have prospered great-  
ly," said the gentle Mrs. Partlett.

"And his wife wears a silk gown  
that will stand alone with its own  
richness," said Mrs. Buckingham.  
"I can remember when Luke Ruddle-  
love was nothing but a poor drunken  
creature."

"All the more credit to him  
now," said Mrs. Partlett, emphati-  
cally.

"It's to be all o' stun," said Mrs.  
Buckingham, "with marble man-  
tles and inlaid floors. And he's  
put a lot of papers and things under  
the corner."

"The corner what? said Mr. Part-  
lett, laughing. "Floor or mantle?"

"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Buck-  
ingham. "Like they do in public  
buildings, you know."

"That is natural enough."  
"Well, it's kind o' queer, but like  
Luke Ruddlelove never wasn't like  
nobody else. Folks think it's  
dreadful strange he should put a  
one dollar bill in with the other  
things."

Mrs. Partlett felt her cheeks flush  
scarlet; she glanced up to where  
the Squire was checking off a list  
of items in the bill he was making  
out against some client. But he  
never looked around, and Mrs.  
Buckingham went on with never-  
ceasing flow of chit chat, and so  
the color died away in her cheek.

After all the money had been her  
own to give, and the old oil cloth  
in front of the dining-room stove  
had answered very well.

She met Ruddlelove that after-  
noon for the first time since his  
return to Sequoisset—Luke himself,  
yet not himself—the demon of in-  
temperance crushed out of his na-  
ture, and its better, nobler elements  
triumphing at last. He looked  
her brightly in the face as he held  
out his hand.

"I am glad to see you back here  
again, Luke," she said, tremulous-  
ly.

"And well you might be," he re-  
joined.

"Do you remember the night you  
gave me the dollar bill, and begged

me not to go to the tavern?"  
"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on  
which my whole destiny turned.  
You were kind to me when every  
one spoke coldly; you trusted me  
when all other faces were averted.  
I vowed a vow to prove myself  
worthy of your confidence and I  
kept it. I did not spend the mon-  
ey—I treasured it up—and heaven  
has added mightily to my little  
store. I put the dollar bill under  
the corner-stone of my new house.  
has risen from it, and it alone. I  
won't offer to pay you back, for I  
am afraid," he added, smiling, "the  
luck would go from me with it;  
but I'll tell you what I will do,  
Mary: I will give money and  
words of trust and encouragement  
to some other poor wretch as you  
gave me."

And Squire Partlett never knew  
what his wife did with the dollar  
bill he gave her to buy a new piece  
of oil cloth.

[From Charleston News, 19th Inst.]  
THE LATE JUDGE WARDLAW.

Meeting of the Members of the Char-  
leston Bar.

Tribute of Respect to the Memory of  
the Deceased.

In response to the published call a  
large number of the members of  
the Bar assembled in the Equity  
Court-room, at the Courthouse yester-  
day for the purpose of paying a  
tribute of respect to the memory of  
the late Judge D. L. Wardlaw. At  
eleven o'clock, upon motion of Mr.  
I. W. Hayne, the meeting was or-  
ganized by calling ex-Chancellor  
Lesene to the chair. Mr. W. D.  
Clancy was requested to act as sec-  
retary. In taking the chair Mr.  
Lesene said:

"Brethren of the Bar—We have as-  
sembled to do honor to the memory  
of an eminent man, the Hon. David  
Lewis Wardlaw, an associate jus-  
tice of the late Court of Appeals  
of South Carolina, who died on the  
8th inst., at the ripe age of seventy-  
four and unwearied."

Judge Wardlaw was a model for  
imitation by the members of our  
profession. Among the qualities  
which constituted his character,  
earnestness and steadfastness of  
purpose were pre-eminent. Making  
choice of the law as his vocation  
for life, he exhibited these qualities  
in connection with it, throughout  
his career—first in the preparatory  
studies that preceded his admission  
to the Bar, then in his practice as a  
counselor, and, lastly, in the pains-  
taking, thorough consideration be-  
stowed on the causes which came  
before him as a judge. So, too,  
while others were enticed away by  
the allurements of political position,  
he seems to have indulged in no  
aspirations that were not cognate  
to his noble profession. And, un-  
derstandably, he made himself master  
of it—a great jurist as well as an  
accomplished, just and incorrupt-  
ible judge.

Judge Wardlaw's learning, how-  
ever, was not confined to the law.  
He was a man of liberal culture  
and extensive reading in all the  
departments of knowledge; and his  
mind, too, adapted itself readily to  
all the practical affairs of life.

But it was in the relations of pri-  
vate life that our revered friend  
shone conspicuously and most at-  
tractively. Socially, he was a  
charming man. In conversation  
ready and bright, full of informa-  
tion, yet so well bred and affable  
and of such ready sympathy as to  
put the shyest companion at his  
ease. And who that knew him can  
ever forget the gentle smile that  
illumined his handsome counte-  
nance, or the ringing laugh which  
marked his appreciation of what  
was good? These personal and  
mental attractions, added to genuine  
kindliness, made his home proverb-  
ial as a seat of generous and elegant  
hospitality.

It is sad to